

## Anxiety

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Summary: Little Hiccup is left anxious and confused following the death of his mother.

## Anxiety

\*\*This is more of a drabble than anything, but is fairly important in my over all head cannon of Hiccup's childhood. I strongly urge you to read some of my other one-shots before reading this one, in particular 'WHen will Mummy be back?' and 'All that Matters'. Just a suggestion though. Not at all compulsory. Anyway enjoy, and if you like this, leave me a review :D

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\* \* \*

><p>Hiccup swallowed back the scream that threatened to explode from his mouth. It was the middle of the night, and his Daddy would already be asleep. So he lay in bed, paralysed by his own fear. Part of him was glad that his blankets were already huddled around him; they felt like a protective layer against the dangers that lurked in the dark corners of the room.</p>

He desperately wished for some other form of comfort though. If he wasn't frozen, he might have gone to his father, and found a way to squirm into his bed. Even if Stoick didn't wake, his heat would have been enough to comfort Hiccup back to sleep.

His next thought was the dragon toy his mother had made him. It had frightened him though, and he had thrown it into the ocean, afraid it would come alive and eat him. He had waited until his mother had left on one of her many voyages, so her feelings would not be hurt. However, that was the trip when she had never returned.

She had left him. Hiccup thought back to what Tuffnut had said, that she had hated him. This thought brought about a pang of dread and anxiety into the pits of his stomach.

That is what his nightmare had been about. She was battling a dragon. It flew away, not quite defeated, but angry. She turned back to Hiccup, told him what she did was for him, and then threw herself off a cliff into nothingness. Dream Valhallarama would have rather done anything than spend one more minute with him.

No Hiccup told himself firmly. She didn't leave. She died. Stoick had assured him of that, that she would never willingly leave Hiccup behind without a mother.

He continued to make himself think this. She was dead. He had seen the burning pyre (although she was not in it). Even at his young age, he understood the concept of death. It was the occupational hazard of being a Viking.

And yet the anxious feeling did not disappear.

Suddenly, he heard a screech. A night fury screech. His paralysis left him as he ran to the window to investigate. He saw an orange glow; there were fires, which highlighted the black silhouettes of dragons.

He ran to his father, still snoring away, and shook him violently awake.

"Hiccup!" He gasped in surprise.

"Daddy! Raid!"

Stoick wasted no time leaping out of bed and grabbing his helmet and a hammer.

"You know what to do, son?" He asked as gently as he could; the boy was obviously terrified. Hiccup nodded and scrambled to hide under the table. Stoick hollered out his Viking war cry and raced out the door.

Hiccup huddled under the table. He wanted someone to hold him, or something to hold. But he didn't have that.

He was all alone. Anxious and scared, and wishing his mother would return.

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><p><strong>SO if you liked it, please leave me a comment. ALSO for a much larger dragon fic I am working on, there is a bit of an issue with a dragon, without divulging too many details. If you have any ideas about existing dragons, or if you would graciously allow me to borrow an original dragon, I would love to hear ideas! <strong>

End  
file.